

98 BOWLING GREEN AVENUE

Cloud 9

VOL.3 ■ NO.1

Bollywood the Go-Go Set
The Gushies Joost
Ball with Textured Tastes

\$2.99

Adults Only



Jan Estes Subelin see page 45



Sally At Snuggles see page 52



Practise Makes Perfect see page 99

CLOUD 9

volume three

number one

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Hits And Her Fancy

see page 26



Patterns Calore

see page 4



Swords For Their Fortunes

see page 60



doll with textured tastes



Remember when all those textured stockings first hit the market a year or so ago? Well, it's pretty surprising to think that at the time Candy Martin was in no way interested in any of them. She thought they were the worst things she had ever seen and even went so far as to tell one friend that she wouldn't be seen dead in them. Fortunately, times have changed for Candy. The fad of textured hosiery has caught on and Candy's now on the band wagon to the point where, at this writing, she probably wouldn't be seen anywhere without them!





Candy's so infatuated with textured hosiery now that she has even gone so far as to throw out all her old sheers and restock her entire hosiery wardrobe in all sorts of patterns and textures. Asked about her opinions of a year or so ago, she just shrugs. "Times change," she told us, "and I've changed with them." She certainly has. We've never seen such a complete turnabout in our lives.

But textured hose is not the only thing that Candy is wild about. She has even gone so far as to extend the idea of lace and frills to all her items of lingerie. She loves lacy bras and patterned panties and enjoys being the best "underwared" girl in her entire group. All because of a passing fad, too!







Sandgren, rugged and hoarse, let his blue, hairy throat

BLOOD



Marc had a job, but would be needing this two weeks that he had simply for floating himself a house in a corner hung in the balance, swayed only by love's eternal triangle. Fiction by DAMON MILLS

"If you have wished undressing me with your eyes, perhaps we can proceed to the next step in the matter."

Marc D'Arms looked in spite of himself. There was almost mockery in the accusation, made by the beautiful Eurasian girl seated across the candle-lit table from him. And also a lot of truth. Her dark black hair was curled about her fiery-clear face and a silk chemise hugged her slender form. A thin, pale, delicate neck and a long, tapering chin.

"My apologies, Mademoiselle Marchand," Marc murmured, groping for a cigarette. "I was fortunate enough to have seen your act at the Club Louis last night. You were superb, but tonight one would hardly take my term as a critic."

"You mean a stripper," she bluntly corrected him. "Please call me Soo-Len. The name is short as I have left of my mother's people. And I will return your compliment by saying that you don't look like a flac." She smiled as she ran her hand down her face, revealing a slender, youthful face, with a pair of dark brown hair.

& BLACK RICE

Marc winced. The slang word for a policeman sounded especially vulgar coming from her full red lips. Besides, Customs agents prided themselves on being a cut above the local police. He glanced at his watch as she leisurely sipped her period.

"Well, this is very charming, Soo-Len, and at any other time I would be delighted with your company. But I have a dinner engagement tonight and I—"

"With your fiancée, Jeanette Laval?" She nodded knowingly at his startled response. "Yes, I know all about your lovely, lily-white sweetheart, and her fine, upstanding, aristocratic father. Pardon me while I wash the taste of their names out of my mouth." She tossed down the rest of her drink and signaled the waiter for another.

"I don't think any personal life has anything to do with this," Marc said coldly.

"That's where you're wrong," Soo-Len lowered her voice. "Why do you think I insisted on seeing you instead of any of the other agents? Because the information I have is going to pull your little Jeanette right off of her virtuous pedestal!"

Marc regarded her calmly. "And that information?"

"Concerns the smuggling of black rice into France." She noted his puzzled expression. "I see you're not familiar with the Chinese term for opium. Listen, Jeanette has a cousin named Felix St. Fleur, hasn't she?"

Marc nodded, following her words intently.

"And Felix owns a 50-foot motor yacht, which he reportedly uses to flit around the Riviera pursuing his innocent playboy activities. But actually he has that boat and several others engaged in the biggest smuggling ring in Europe. American cigarettes, liquor, aliens, electronics parts—any item that has a high import duty, he brings in illegally. And recently he's been including narcotics as well."

"How do you know all this?" Marc inquired.

"How does a woman usually find out things about a man?" she smiled bitterly. "My father, as you probably know, was French, born right here in Marseilles. He went to Indo-China

before the war and established a prosperous import-export business. Then, after Vietnam was granted independence, he moved to Hong Kong. That was where we met Felix. He got my father involved in some of his shady deals and at the same time managed to make me fall in love with him. When I learned the truth about him, it was too late."

She moodily nursed her drink and continued. "The authorities arrested my father and he committed suicide in shame, allowing Felix to get away blameless. I followed him here, pretending that I was still in love with him and knew nothing about his dishonest activities. But all along I've been waiting for a chance to send your people after him when he has a really big shipment of contraband on hand. Very soon now, I'll have my revenge."

"You said Jeanette was involved," Marc reminded her.

"Yes, her father's chateau is used as a depot for the contraband. There is a secret room in the wine cellar. Felix lands his cargos at one of the narrow fjord-like inlets—I believe you call them *calanques*—along the coast east of here. Trucks take it to old Pierre Laval's place and from there it is dispatched all over the country."

"These are very serious charges against people that I have always thought of as honest and respectable citizens," Marc said. "What proof do you have?"

"Just this—Felix has gone to Gibraltar for a large cargo of opium and other goods. He should be back any time now. He always sends me a coded radio message announcing his time of arrival so that I can stare—" she pulled down the corners of her mouth distastefully—"warning his bed for him. When I get that message I'll call you, and you can catch him red-handed on the bench."

"You do that," Marc said, standing up and dropping some money on the table. "Until then, I hope you'll forgive me if I view your story with a strong skepticism. Now I must run. I'm already late for dinner."

He tried hard to put the girl's salty beauty and disturbing words out of his mind as he drove out of town to the Laval Chateau. She had to be

making the whole thing up, probably out of spite because Felix had jilted her. Why, old Pierre Laval would die rather than dishonor his family name with such illicit activities. And as for Jeanette . . . Marc's pulse quickened with a surge of passion as he thought of the shapely blonde beauty.

She hadn't exactly agreed to marry him yet, and with their present arrangement he was in no hurry. It had taken her long enough to give herself to him the first time, but now when they made love she clung to him with a desperate fierceness that made him forget every other woman he had ever known. He had no doubt that her love equaled his in every way, yet he couldn't shake off the suspicion that there may be some truth to Soo-Len's story after all.

Jeanette and her father were waiting for him in the chateau's huge dining room. The sight of her exquisite beauty garbed in a white satin evening gown instantly banished all thoughts of smuggling from his mind. The dinner was delicious, and with Jeanette playing with his knee under the table, Marc didn't even mind listening to Pierre's boring account of his experiences with the resistance during the war.

After the meal, Pierre excused himself and went to bed, saying that age had long since robbed him of the pleasures of late reveling. Marc and Jeanette wandered into the library, sipping their brandy.

"What's the matter, darling? You seem so quiet and thoughtful tonight," Jeanette murmured.

"Oh, I was just thinking about Felix. He's off with his yacht again, isn't he?"

"That's right—Corsica, I think." Purple eye shadow glinted against her pale skin as she peered seductively up at him. "But is Felix all you can think about at a time like this?"

Marc smiled and took her in his arms. Her mouth was still incredibly sweet and her body melted against him as yielding as before, but the usual enthusiasm was missing. He just couldn't get Soo-Len out of his mind. Silently he cursed the Eurasian dancer for spoiling his evening.

"You know, I've never seen your father's wine cellar," he remarked in what he hoped was a casual tone.

(continued on page 80)

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THE JAYBIRD MYSTIQUE

What are the reasons for being naked?

To take a bath?

To please your husband (or wife)?

To be examined by your doctor?

Or perhaps — To get horn?

To earn a model fee?

To get an over-all tan?

All good reasons, if you must have a reason for doing the natural thing.

A JAYBIRD starts from the other end,
"Why put anything on?"

Depending upon the time, place and circumstances, there can be quite a few valid reasons for donning apparel. A JAYBIRD accepts these reasons and the appropriate costumes with grace, but he never forgets that the artificial covering can be discarded as soon as the reason for concealment no longer exists.

This combination of awareness and flexibility is summed up in the JAYBIRDS ANONYMOUS principle:

"I am in favor of individual freedom of expression, including the exposure of the total body to sun, air, water, family and consenting friends."

If you get the impression that the JAYBIRD idea leaves a lot of room for individual interpretation and personal modes of expression — you have the correct impression. That is, in fact, the essence of the JAYBIRD MYSTIQUE — plenty of room for the individual to explore his own capacity for awareness, creativity, vitality and enjoyment of life.



A CUDDLEKITTEN'S PAD

Up until three months ago, Misty Howard lived in her family's home. Then she decided to move into Hollywood and get an apartment of her own. Well, the new and grand feeling of it all still hasn't worn off. Misty loves her new "pad" and all that goes with it. She's so excited about living the life of a bachelor girl that she may even get a house.





Certainly, Misty loves the privacy of her new apartment, but she definitely doesn't want to become any sort of city hermit while she is living there. That's why she insisted that the first item of decor the apartment got was the telephone. Rarely an evening goes by without Misty making at least one or two calls to close friends and asking them over for talk, a drink or a television show. There is a chance that Misty will mellow in her attitude toward her new apartment and her dream of getting her own house one day, but, as things stand now, she's still very thrilled and excited about the whole bit. She is already making plans for a new paint job (she'll do all the work herself, by the way) and for getting some new furniture of her own in one day. We wondered how she can have so many dreams and plans at one time, but Misty just smiled. "I've just got to be on the go all the time," she said. "It's the way I am. I don't suppose I'll ever change."

We can't help admiring her energy, even if we don't know where it all comes from, but we know it will help her furnish the place.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMAZONS?

BY PAUL WOOD

Has the manly sport of big-dame hunting lost its appeal, or are there simply not enough he-men left around to take care of our growing and burgeoning Tall Girl population?

According to one recent estimate, there are now more than 3 million females in the USA who stand six feet or more in heels, and by 1976 the number will be closer to 4 million. Which is a powerful lot of woman, by any standards of measurement.

And yet, based on present marital statistics (yes, they keep records on practically everything these days), only one in four of these king-sized lovelies will find a mate her own size, while only two in four will hook a husband of any size. Which, by our arithmetic, leaves upwards of 1,500,000 unwed, unwedded and unloved Amazons wandering around as of this moment—a statistic which, one would think, should appeal to any red-blooded male with a good head, and an eye, for figures.

Yet far from bringing out the best—which as far as most girls are concerned, is the best—in the present-day male, the over-sized beauty has fewer passions made at her than her petite rival.

Why? What's wrong with Amazons? Why the discriminatory attitude on the part of the modern male towards the Tall Girl, of whom there are more and more coming on the scene every year?

Intigued by this puzzling question, we informally interviewed thirty-eight men of varying ages, sizes and shapes, and came up with the following opinions on Amazons.

First it appears that all men enjoy looking at the Tall Girl—provided, of course that she's not a female flagpole or a stretched-out stringbean. We mean the Tall Girl who's naturally proportioned (and in some cases, over-proportioned) for her height. Men are by nature girl-watchers, and it follows that the more girl there is to watch, the more fun it becomes. And Tall Girls simply have more to offer in the way of visual delights than the average-sized female—a case, perhaps, of more pizchitude per pound, more wench to the inch and more bounce to the ounce.

In addition, there seems to be something fascinating and compelling to all of us about the huge, the super-sized, the overgrown, whether in the form of a mammoth skyscraper, a giant redwood tree or a human being of incredible dimensions. Women exhibit the same kind of awe and reverence for the out-sized athlete that men display when confronted by the female colossus.

But while looking is one thing, action is another.

One reason why men like ogling large economy sized lovelies but won't ask them out is the widely-prevalent male view that a man should be taller, preferably by several inches, than the date or mate he chooses—plus the fact that he is embarrassed at the thought of the kidding he'll get from his buddies if he squares a dame around who has to bend down to kiss him good night.

In one instance, a fellow who'd dated a dunsel both taller and heavier than he during his high school years admitted he'd deliberately cal-



ned on the romance after dark, behind closed doors and down lovers' lanes far removed from the normal purview of his set. "Why, if they'd ever found out I was going with Vern the Female Skyscraper," he said, "I'd have been a laughing-stock."

Another reason given for side-stepping the Tall Girl is that she looks aloof, haughty, unapproachable and has an air of impenetrable superiority. She gives the impression that she is looking down her nose at the male sex, and if approached for a date, would dismiss the applicant with an arrogant: "Forget it, Charlie—why don't you pick on a girl your own size?"

Yet another reason advanced by many men was the widely-held male doctrine that the female should be docile, yielding and amenable to male demands—a concept that doesn't fit too well with the physical presence of a 6' 140-pound broad who looks

like she could wear the L.A. telephone directory apart with her front teeth. Projecting this concept into terms of a boudoir love-match often seems to produce marked feelings of emasculation and belittlement, or as one man put it: "Why, if things really got that wild, she could crush me!"

Other males of a thrifty turn of mind argue that the Tall Girl is more costly to maintain, whether as wife or playmate. She might work like a horse, but she eats like one, too. All her clothes cost more, she sleeps in a king-sized bed, and she won't fit comfortably inside a small sports car.

Finally, due to the admen and other manipulators of our thought-processes, many of us men have come to regard the half-starved, diemagetic female whom we can bear-hug off the floor, a la TV's "Hi Honey, I'm home" type commercial, as the acme in femininity.

(continued on page 22)



Sweet Safari Sylph





You probably bought this magazine because it seemed to be just a bit different, just a bit more alive, than the others on that stand with it. But you probably never thought about why it was more interesting. Have you ever stopped to think of how much time and how much sincere effort goes into making and publishing an interesting magazine? All the pictorial layouts should be unique. That's why we often ask the girl's ideas. This one's Yvonne Dixon and a wealth of fun and ideas.



Yvonne suggested we collect a few props and go out to some secluded spot where she could pretend to be on a safari. It may seem hokie and silly, but it certainly is a way of giving the magazine a vitality and change of pace.



FOR SALE OBJECTIONABLES D'ART

BY BURT FIELDS

Want to buy a genuine antique—something of rare and questionable value? Take a gander at this fantastic list of treasures from all over the world and see how you feel about it then.

Stuffed Elephant Ash Tray (Hansfel 216-205 B.C.)

A conversation piece if there ever was one. Fills up your whole living room. Slightly patched condition including house-broken moths. Huge elephant carried Hansfel and his invading elephant home troops across the alps to invade the Romans. Trunk has concealed vacuum sweeper to keep ash tray continuously clean. An ornate brass clock (that doesn't work but chimes) is located on side of elephant's body. Will sell or rent to wife's wishing to cure their husbands of the drinking habit.

Nero's Fiddle (64 A.D.)

If you remember your history correctly, Nero's fiddle was broken in a hundred pieces by Cinna, an Irish neighbor of Nero who wanted Nero's corny playing.

We have scotch taped the fiddle into full repair and will offer it for auction to the highest bidder or the garbage man (whoever comes first).

Nero, a reject from Obesity Anonymous, bought this fiddle when he grew bored with the nightly palace orgies and revels. He was looking for a new kick. Everyone started to kick when he played the fiddle but he was the big boss and even the Union couldn't take his card away.

Nero dug the early Hootenanny music and decided to head a Go-Go-Amateur show for the benefit of his old cronies. He decided to enter one of his own contests playing his fiddle in competition with a sexpot lady fiddler known for her voluptuous figure.

The lady fiddler cute wore a long red robe that touched the floor. Nero was so busy sawing away at his fiddle that he failed to notice the robe slip completely from her flawless nude body.

When the fiddle contest was over and the judge raised his hand over Nero's head the guests were so busy looking elsewhere they forgot to applaud. When the judge placed his hand above the nude maiden fiddle player, the applause meter exploded.

Nero was so enraged he ordered the heads to be removed from his guests on the spot, a lamp shade to be made of the lady fiddle player's hide. To make his revenge complete Nero set fire to the royal palace and set out in his apple orchard fiddling while the fire spread to the whole town of Rome.



Bed That Washington Slept In (1776 A.D.)

The bed is from an old flea bag hotel where General Washington was stationed on Christmas Eve in 1776. It was a tough night for Washington. There was no heat in the hotel and the Hessian army was having a noisy bash in Trenton across the river. The mattress was so lousy with bedbugs they kept picking Washington up and throwing him over the side of the bed. This made the General so restless he decided to get dressed and cross the icy Delaware to party crash the Hessian bash. The Germans were so stoned by then they took the Colonel's raiding party for someone making a delivery from the liquor shop. They gave up without a struggle.

The bed comes complete with some of the ancestors of that historical event.

Human Hawk Wings (1903)

It was during the years when the owners of a bicycle repair shop, Orville and Wilbur Wright were experimenting with flying machines at Kittyhawk. The country was filled with inventors trying to get off the ground in crazy lighter than air contraptions. Especially Pincus Overhang, a hot chestnut salesman from Philadelphia. His reason for wanting to get overhead was strictly social. The roof of the all-women hotel next to his apartment building would be filled with beautiful shapely women taking afternoon sun baths in the nude. Unfortunately the roof was several stories above his own. His only chance would be to fly up. From then on he devoted his spare time developing an artificial pair of hawk wings that he hoped would lift him into space.

He would stand on the top of his building fanning his man-made hawk wings like mad until someone mistook him for a pigeon and shot him.

The wooden hawk wings are in perfect condition for kindling wood. This item is priced to go quickly. We'll pay you to take it away.

Nile River Boat (5000 B.C.)

Former owner, Cleopatra. Human car driven. Upholstery good as new. Oxy cabin sleeps thirty. Secret top compartment. Perfume and booze locker. Giant sized palm leaf fans. Good for chummy week-end fun voyages.

Stainless Steel Head Chopper (1586)

Slightly used during the reign of Marie Antoinette. Good for chopping weeds and opening beer cans. Also for close shaves. . . Throw away those kid-stuff razor blades.



Wooden Horse of Troy (200 B.C.)

A good toy for anyone who happens to be a giant. Takes up a full city block. Accommodates a whole army. Good mobile observation post for girl watchers or watching football and baseball games without paying admission.

Napoleon's Lost Glove (1812 A.D.)

A little known fact in history regarding Napoleon's habit of placing his hand inside his uniform jacket. Some historians claim it was due to an itching rib but such was not the case. When Napoleon discovered that Josephine was two-timing him, he started making a little time of his own with the Royal belles he met along the path of his military conquests. In his haste to leave a Royal boudoir during the retreat from Moscow he left one of his favorite black leather fur lined gloves. The gloves were a special gift from Josephine and from then on he kept one hand in his jacket to keep his hand warm. They had to put him away on a small island. He went mad trying to remember where he lost his glove.

Tea Bags From Boston Tea Party (1773 A.D.)

We wish to auction off the services (Scully, maid, cook) of three old bags from Boston who claim their ancestors were in on the heat of an English vessel trying to land tea in Boston. The tea was thrown into Boston Harbor where the three dolls have been swimming most of their lives, gaining them the nickname of the three tea bags from Boston.

Paul Revere Signal Lamps (1775)

Good condition. Excellent for warning lovers of the sudden return of a husband. Have good neighbor put lighted lantern in window when needed. One if he is coming by the back door. Two if coming by the front door.



The Glad Hatter

Accept the fact that she is beautiful and charming but never try to understand a girl. And that simple statement may go double in the case of Rose Adams. Rose loves hats, but she can't really explain why. She rarely wears them out of her Hollywood apartment.









Maybe if she lived in San Francisco or New York, Rose would wear her hats more often, but being a Los Angeles girl she rarely has a chance. She loves them tho!



So much for the more commonly-held opinions about Amazons. Now let's review each of these from an objective standpoint.

(1) The Tall Girl is great to look at.

Well, we're all agreed on that point. The "skyscraper" with a 38-26-38 figure is ecstasy to examine—every glorious inch of her.

(2) A man should be taller than his women.

Nonsense: This attitude is the last resort of the man who's trying desperately to hang on to the abstract and obsolete notion of male "supremacy." It isn't even true any more that a man is necessarily born with a larger bone and body structure than a woman. American women are growing bigger and taller every year, and in the sunny climes of the West and South-West, which seem to speed up the growth process, tall, breathtakingly-proportioned lovelies are almost as plentiful as peaches.

In any case, few Tall Girls object to being squired by shorter males. What does a girl care, as long as she's got a M-A-N—her man? It's only rejection by the mass of the male populace that drives Tall Girls to join Top Toppers' Clubs, where all the members, male and female, must be six feet or over. Even then she finds herself competing for a man with several large-sized girls, since females outnumber males in these clubs.

(3) Tall Girls are aloof.

Purely a defense mechanism. Most Tall Girls started sprouting in the eighth grade, and have had to endure years of being asked how the weather was up there, whether they had any problems with low-flying aircraft, etc., etc.

(4) Amazons aren't docile and yielding.

This is pure poppycock, encouraged by the male whose masculinity depends upon the subservience of his women. Admittedly, a hefty sex-

footer takes a bit more man-handling when it comes to throwing plates around in the kitchen, but knowledge of a few simple judo holds should suffice to control the situation.

As for becoming entangled in more amorous combat, it should be remembered that the Amazon, despite her size, is first and foremost a female, and can be just as docile, pliant, yielding and submissive as any dainty-sized doll, if that is what her man wants. Deep in her breast there throbs the natural desire to be conquered like any other girl; it is only her somewhat unenvying proportions that seem to provide a barrier to this end. In fact, they are no barrier at all, but the most delightful thing about her.

(5) Tall Girls cost more to maintain.

True, to a certain extent. But they're worth the extra expense. After all, wouldn't you prefer a Cadillac to a Volkswagen in your garage, to be really honest about it?

(6) It's difficult to pick a six-foot girl up and whirl her around in your arms—unless you're twice the size she is. So don't try. Or let her pick you up, if it works better that way.

What the whole question boils down to is that the majority of modern males are beset by a desire/fear syndrome regarding the Tall Girl. They desire her on sight, but they are afraid of her.

Men, forget all you ever heard, read or thought about Amazon's! Tall Girls are best! The sweetest fruit grows on the highest branch—so why settle for the smaller and lesser fruit within your reach? Next time you admire a "skyscraper" and your heart aches with longing as your eyes travel down her breath-takingly-proportioned figure, don't just stand there—talk to her, befrend her, ask her for a date. And if you end up marrying her, congratulations—you've got yourself a goddess among women.

Remember, there's an old saying in pugilistic circles that applies just as well to girl-chasing as it does to the manly art of self-defense. A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un!

The Tall Girl wants YOU!—the question is, are you man enough for her?



"But, if you won't tell me what these occasional frantic desires of yours are, how can I possibly help you?"

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Most of us think of fishing as a man's sport, but those who happen to meet Tatum! Porter soon learn that it can also be the hobby of a young beauty.

TROUT

FOR A TOMBOY





Tolson went on a picnic date about two years ago and her boyfriend suggested that they fish for their lunch. To hear her describe the experience, one would think that it was one of the best moments of her entire life. Certainly, it did affect her enough to make her go out and buy her own fishing pole and take a few professional lessons in the old and delicate art of fishing. Now, of course, she is a complete devotee and makes it a point to go fishing at least once every two weeks. She will admit that her luck's not the best and that the size of her catches isn't always the biggest, but she still is of the opinion that the greatest sport in the world for pure relaxation and enjoyment is sitting by a mountain creek and fishing.



But when Tammi takes a trip up to the high mountains, she doesn't spend every minute of her time fishing. She usually leaves her apartment Friday night and spends that evening camping out. Naturally, she fishes for her Saturday breakfast and then, often spends the remainder of the time wandering around the creek or mountain and exploring the rugged scenery. If it happens to be a very nice day, she may bask in the sun or hang her nylons up to dry. Then, Saturday, late in the afternoon, she usually packs up all her gear and heads back to town refreshed and relaxed. Sunday she spends in cleaning her equipment and straightening her apartment for the week and generally getting in shape for work the following day. Then, during the rest of the week at her job, she spends all the time she can afford in thinking and dreaming about her next week's fishing trip!



An analysis of all those wonderful, and exotic traits that make girls of the world fascinating, delights whether they are in Akros or Zanzibar.

WOMEN of the WORLD



Waikiki is called the Paradise of the Pacific not because of the gently rolling surf, soothing Trade Winds, white sand and incomparable scenery but, let's face it, because the women outnumber the men three to one. There are nice, round, firmly packed girls, innocent of grins, strolling up and down Kalakaua Avenue, thus the total population of Mount Kisco, N.Y. And in Waikiki, so far as the female troops are concerned, variety is more than the spice of life—it is the way of life.

It is in this grab-bag of blood lines that the secret of the charm of Hawaiian women lies. It makes it impossible to talk of them as a single entity as you would the women of, say, England, Sweden, Mexico or Arabia. So in this examination of the girls of Hawaii, we're going to use the classifications used by the Hawaiians themselves.

HAWAIIAN . . . As you might suspect, this refers to women of Polynesian extraction whose ancestors were the original inhabitants of the Islands. They are a rarity today, about 5,000 out of the 350,000 women in Hawaii, and it is not unusual for a person to spend a month on the islands and not encounter a true Hawaiian lass, whose pride in

her pure blood line makes her stay away from the hustle and bustle of Waikiki beach.

These remaining 5000 pure Hawaiian women, if you are lucky enough to meet one, have inherited the ever-smiling faces, love of ceremony and natural dignity of their ancestors, but—and the truth must out—they are far from the most attractive in appearance. To be brutally frank, one usually boasts a very plain, unspectacular face topped by a dumpy, over-upholstered figure. But they live in memory of a glorious past . . .

. . . A past that saw these months of each year set aside for nothing but laughter, love and exercise. This annual celebration was known as the Makahiki (which is translated as Harvest Festival). It began on the first of November and lasted until the end of January. During this period, war was taboo, most religious restrictions were lifted and only a minimum amount of work was done.

Basically, the Hawaiians had accepted the principle that sex to man is more than just an isolated act necessary for procreation. They understood that it was also an inextricable part of the psychological well-being of man. As a result, when visiting Europeans appeared on the

BY THOMAS BOYD



horizon, the girls in Hawaii didn't wait for the ships to dock, but slipped their skirts on the beach, swam out and climbed aboard the delighted white man's ships.

The daughters of these flamboyant grocers today, clad in missionary-introduced muu-muus, make flower leis at the International Airport and after draping same around the neck of a conventioner from Pearl, give him a peck on the cheek and an "Aloha." It's quite a come-down for a proud race.

A LOCAL is any woman, other than a Polynesian Hawaiian, who was born and raised in Hawaii, including those of Japanese, Filipino, Chinese and Korean ancestry but usually excluding Caucasians. It is from this group that the world has formed its ideas of the women of Hawaii. These are the girls whose faces and figures adorn the travel folders and magazine ads that lure over a half a million tourists to the islands each year.

Anyone who spends most of his time on the beach of Waikiki is apt to get the impression that there are not many eligible local girls in Hawaii. Of course, viewing the islands only from the vantage point of Waikiki often presents a distorted picture,

this one at least appears to be fairly accurate. There are a number of reasons for this. First, girls born and raised in the islands have their own circle of friends and seldom if ever venture out into the free-for-all world of Waikiki beach. Second, a big percentage of local girls are married to local boys by the time they are twenty. Third, a significant number of high school and college-age girls leave Hawaii for school on the Mainland each year.

While often hard to meet, if you can establish a friendly relationship with girls who were born and raised in Hawaii, regardless of the racial extraction, you find them very different from the Mainlanders. They are much more mature and stable, and are better prepared to establish a healthy relationship with a man. As one traveling bachelor says, "I think that local girls—and I mean those with a little class—are more intelligent than the average Mainland girl."

KAMA'INA AND HAOLE—both words refer to Caucasians living in the islands. Kama'ina is a Hawaiian word originally meaning "native born," this term is now also used in the sense of "old-timer" in case of



a Caucasian who was not born in the island but has lived there several years. Before the arrival of the first Caucasians in Hawaii the word *haole* was used to mean "strange and white" in reference to albino or white pigs. After the appearance of Europeans

the word soon came to mean "white man" as well as foreigner. When other ethnic groups arrived in the islands, they also adopted the word when referring to Caucasians. The term may be neutral or insulting, depending on the manner of the speaker and the context of its usage. When non-Caucasians use it, which they do constantly, it is often derogatory.

The *haole* (pronounced, how-lay) can be divided into the girls who come to stay and the ones who come to play or study. But no matter why



they have landed on these shores, they quickly become islanders, far removed from the inhibited misses of Iowa, Oregon or where-ever. Even the co-eds who come for the summer session at the University of Hawaii act as if there is going to be no tomorrow. And one of the greatest insults you can give a newly situated *haole* is to call her a tourist. She wants to be known as a *kama'ina* from the day she steps off the ship.

The most beautiful women in Hawaii appear to be those combining four to six blood-lines: one of which is always Caucasian, one Polynesian and one Oriental. Women with these antecedents are aptly described by Don Blanding in his book *Halo Moover* as combining the mystery of the tropics and the sophistication of the West. The short-term visitor in Hawaii may not have many opportunities to meet women with these qualities, but he can see younger, 10 and 11-year old versions of them on the beach at Waikiki every day during school vacations.

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair and bangs, smiling at the camera. She is sitting on a large, patterned cushion on the floor. She is wearing a light-colored, one-piece swimsuit with a small bow at the bust. She is holding a trumpet in her right hand, resting it on the cushion. Her left hand is raised to her chin. The background is a plain wall with some items on a shelf. The text "THE HOURI AND THE HORN" is overlaid on the right side of the image in a large, bold, sans-serif font.

THE HOURI AND THE HORN

Music has always been important to Debbi Cook in a way that has dominated her life since she was just a tiny lass. At the ripe young age of four, she asked her father for a birthday horn and has been constantly involved with the trumpet ever since. She's now one of the few female, pro horn players around, but that doesn't change the fact that she has to keep practicing almost every day.







If you ever happen to visit Debbi in her Chicago apartment, chances are that you will see her with the trumpet and also that you will hear her at practice just before you ring the door buzzer. It is no wonder that Debbi's chances of being a top professional are good. After all, she devotes enough time to practicing!





TRIAL OF HONOR

The woman was dead, and Puppy knew he'd never swing for the murder — by CON SELLERS

He felt the yellow paper telegram crinkle inside his suit pocket and didn't want to think about it, so he figured to do some devilment. Turning his head so the prosecutor couldn't see, Puppy Ray Wallace winked at the jury foreman. People in the courtroom saw, and snickered.

He looked around at them with his puppy-dog face on, that waggly, friendly look that made folks put his hand when he was a little boy, the look that got him called Puppy instead of Patrick. The crowd laughed out loud, and the judge beat on his desk with the wooden hammer.

Of Bud Blossom didn't like it a bit, but Puppy didn't give a damn; Blossom could go back to the state capitol to do his lawing, no call for him to come to Annis County anyhow. Folks around here didn't like outsiders bating in.

Hell, it wasn't like he killed somebody who counted for something. She was just one of them agitators from up the road, one of the trouble-makers down here to tell folks how to do, like people didn't know. More like a beastnik, she'd been; that's what Puppy thought, and that's what his lawyer said.

But she'd been something, that woman. No girl hereabouts was put together the way she was; no Annis County girl walked like she did, kind of uppity and smooth and sly, all bouncy, and wiggling so it hurt a man's eyes to watch her in those tight little shorts.

Hell, no girl around here would dare put on shorts that skimpy. Which ought to show she was different from regular folks, Puppy thought, just like his lawyer said. Puppy was proud to have a smart lawyer like Mister Leebetter, and all paid up, too. But he didn't really need any kind of lawyer; he wouldn't be convicted.

Hadn't been for all the new "laws," he'd never been tried in the first place, but that was all right. Just
(continued on page 66)



He'd have ran clear across hell after that woman!





A great many people get frustrated if they are leavers of the country on the one hand yet are compelled to live in a large city in order to make a living. But this frustration has not yet come to pass and pretty Jan Ellis.

Nymph from Suburbia

Jan's got the problems of the city beaten and she has done so by the very simple expedient of renting a house in the suburbs. Here she can be close to her job, yet still enjoy a feeling of the country.



When she comes home and steps out in her bath suit it's almost like being out in a natural state where no man has ever set foot. She loves lying in her back yard. Eyes in the street when it's cold, she enjoys looking out there through her living room's big glass doors. It's wonderful that she chooses to have having any problems.





There's advice to all of us who may not enjoy all the beach-beside of the city is, "Look to the suburbs" for it is there that all the best of both, country and city life can be combined in a perfect blend. Certainly, the suburbs mean in her little house and yard for an apartment, no matter how elaborate!





The great Leonardo da Vinci led not only an artistic, but a very wild life.

Mention the word "genius" to most of us, and the image immediately conjured up is of a gauntish, physically twisted man given to violent rages and utterly unacceptable to the so-called norms of humanity. In general, something close to a lunate cripple whose supernatural mental powers are belied in their very closeness to insanity, whose sexual powers, if any, are hopelessly twisted—as hopelessly as the body and brain that direct them.

BRAINS

Such is the image of genius most of us have accepted for, lo!, these last two thousand years or so.

According to those who make study of such things their business, this traditional vision of genius comes as close to truth as the equally heavy notion that babies are brought by the stork or that a bug of malodorous asacofida, hung around the neck, will ward off plague.

The chief trouble with it is that it just ain't so.

With some notable exceptions, the man whose mental endowments are sufficiently above those of other men to enable him to score major breakthroughs in science, philosophy, the arts or war, is possessed of above-average physique, equable temperament and sexual powers above the average. From Plato to Winston Churchill and Bertrand Russell this is the case.

So whence does the warped image of the warped genius derive?

Its basic root would seem to be lodged in the fertile soil of human envy. Just as the great majesty of such, when confronted by a physical plume, instinctively seek to cut him down to size by decrying his mental powers, so, when faced with the achievements of an above-average intellect or creativity, men seek compensation by decrying the genius' physique or temperament.

This leveling instinct runs very deep indeed. People are uncomfortable and resentful in the presence of genius. For example, while Charley Chaplin may not be a man of great genius in the opinion of some, he is certainly the major comic creator of this century so far—in an age equipped with the mechanical means



Winston Churchill was one of few prominent men who engendered no scandal.

IN THE HAY

IS IT TRUE THAT OUR MENTAL GIANTS ARE HEROS, OR MICE WHILE IN THE BEDROOM? / ARTICLE BY STEVE MAULITE



Frank Lloyd Wright was not only great at building, but with women as well.

Lord Bertrand Russell is best known for his extremely outspoken opinions.



to make his gifts of world importance.

Result — for forty-odd years, Chaplin has been hounded in the newspapers and at person by packs of lesser beings, like packs of spinnets, seeking to bring him down to their level or lower.

He has been decried as a sensualist (and what's wrong with that, Charley?), vilified as a lecher, vilified and persecuted as a tax-evader and a Communist.

Recent evidence, unwisely by emotional bias, suggests that his tax disagreements have been nothing unusual for a man so wealthy and so involved in capitalization and other entanglements of the times — furthermore, they have been paid. And as to his personal politics, surely they are his business and his alone. It should be noted that he has refused to permit the release of his pictures in Russia until the Soviets agree to pay him royalties — something they have thus far refused to do.

As to his sex-life — surely, that should be his own business, too. Certainly, he has paid enough, from Lita Grey Chaplin to the unfortunate Joan Berry, for the mistakes he has made. And how many of his detractors have proved capable of fathering a brood of nine children, like Chaplin, beginning past the age of sixty?

Few of them have been able even to live as long as Charley has.

Lord Russell, now in his nanities, remains a live, independent, vital figure, a man who has had the vigor to remain in recent years after a sex-life as romantic and virile as that of another just-dead genius, architect Frank Lloyd Wright, whose sex-life made Sunday supplement headlines for fifty years.

With men like these, men of authentic genius, before us as living examples, how can the warped image remain? But still it does linger, perhaps will as long as lesser men exist.

It is seldom difficult for those who seek justification for a predetermined image to find evidence to support it. And there are a couple of dummies around — though they would seem to be exceptions.

The twisted figure of Socrates, immortalized in sculpture, is one who offers fine fodder for the vilifiers. Here, they point out, was a physically half-deformed man who was miserably hepped in marriage and whose ideas were so radical that even the enlightened citi-

zens of Athens were unable to endure them and who was therefore forced to take the hemlock.

Actually, while far from attractive in face and body, Socrates seems to have been healthy enough. Had he been sick, it is probable his detractors would have left him alone. As for his being hepped, from what has come down to us, only a man of enormous tolerance and good nature could have long endured life with a shrew like Xantippe. As for his ideas, he seldom voiced any. His trick was merely to ask questions, to force his listeners to seek and find their own answers, answers that had a way of causing self-deflation of ego, something mediocre men, especially in high places, never could endure.

The other prime example for the whittled-downers is Ludwig von Beethoven, perhaps the greatest composer of all time in the realm of symphonic music.

Beethoven was personally an oddball beyond question. He was travelable, all right — and grew more so with advancing years, especially as deafness, a nightmare for a musician, overtook him in later years. According to a recent study, this deafness may have been psychosomatic in origin, a self-inflicted punishment for an attachment to one of his nephews.

All right, so either way it leaves him outside the pale of normality. But perhaps he could not have channeled his genius into its gigantic productivity had he not been so afflicted.

If both Michelangelo Buonarroti and Leonardo da Vinci, those twin giants of the Renaissance, had a fondness for young boys, this was hardly even an eccentricity in an age that sought to emulate the bisexual Ancient Greeks. Certainly, between them, these great geniuses spanned just about every field open to human talent, save music (which was not yet sufficiently developed to offer them a challenge). Their activities, all of them masterful, included painting, sculpture, poetry, architecture, engineering, creative invention, diplomacy and the teaching of numerous pupils and protégés to carry on at least facets of their great work.

What else could a couple of Italian boys of humble birth be expected to do?

Titman, another authentic genius of the same era, lived to be a ripe and vigorous ninety-nine years and was still eyeing the two-legged beau-

ties of Venice with an amorous eye when he had the misfortune to succumb to a plague epidemic in his 100th year. Had antibiotics existed in the sixteenth century, he might be going strong yet for all any of us know.

Batch lived into his eighties and sired a prodigious brood while composing his incredible output of secular and religious music and performing on the pipe-organ perhaps better than any man before or since. More lately, Franz Liszt not only spanned most of the nineteenth century but collected glamorous mistresses as readily as lesser men collect stamps or coins.

Our own Ben Franklin, while perhaps not an authentic genius in any one field was certainly a master of many in the sciences and social arts. He lived well into his eighties and sired whole prides and rades of legitimate children, most of whom he managed to take care of. One of them, a son, became Sir William Franklin in charge of the interests in Britain of America's exiled Tories.

A more authentic if less sung American genius of the same period, Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, Mass., who became Count Rumford of Bavaria, founder of one of the important and self-surviving British scientific societies, creator of the first big-city public park (in Munich) and pioneer in the laws of thermodynamics, took women right and left as the fancy pleased him. Had he not turned Tory at the start of our Revolution, he would be far more celebrated today.

No, the genius tends to be not only as unmoderate in his sex life as in his creative ideas, but to have the stamina with which to endure during a long lifetime excesses that would annihilate a lesser man before he was forty.

Perhaps this is why so many of our able men continue to die well short of their life-expectancy. They are trying to do the work of geniuses — and lack the strength. For genius, health and sex almost invariably walk close together. Neither can, as a rule, survive without the other two.

The twisted image of Socrates, the tortured Beethoven, may remain as the images of genius in the public mind. But it's a good thing for all of us the image is generally false. Without genius, humanity would still be poking the open fire in front of its cave door.

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RECENT HOUSE

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JEST-O-RAMA



SOUND EFFECTS

When a woman lowers her voice it's a sign she wants something; when she raises it, it's a sign she didn't get it.

OPINION

Two chorus girls were discussing their boyfriends.

"I think that Mike is just a pain in the neck," said Flo.

"I agree," replied Sandy, "but I have a much lower opinion of him."

WARNING SYSTEM

The sound of the fire truck wailed past the bar.

"There goes the fire truck, and this is where I leave you gentlemen," announced Sam, drinking up his beer.

"Since when you been a fireman, Sam?" asked the bartender.

"Never have been, or never intend to be, but my girl-friend's husband is."

CLOSED SHOP

Nobody gave the bride away, but a few young men at the wedding were tempted to.

HEN CHECKED

The little man worked up enough courage to go to his boss and ask for a raise.

"A raise," screamed the boss, "I gave you a raise two weeks ago."

"Damn it," exclaimed the little man, "why doesn't my wife tell me these things?"

TOO TIRED

The psychiatrist welcomed the girl into his office and gestured towards the couch.

"I hope you don't mind, but I prefer to stand," she said, I've just returned from my honeymoon."

TERSE VERSE

A wolf feels perked

And truly chipper

When he meets up with

A cooperative zipper!

MOVE TO THE REAR

The little old lady continuously reminded the bus driver that she wanted to get off at Fifth Avenue. Finally she got so flustered she poked the driver with her umbrella.

"Is this Fifth Avenue?" she asked.

"No lady, it isn't," answered the driver, "it's my behind."

GO AHEAD

People who live in glass houses might just as well. Everybody knows they do it.

GOOD ADVICE

"Who has the most money to spend?" shouted the temperance lecturer. "Who drives the biggest car? The saloon keeper. Who goes on vacation to Bermuda every year? The saloon keeper. And who pays for all this? . . . You do, my friends."

A month later the lecturer met a man and his wife who had attended the lecture.

"Thank you for the good advice," said the man. "We pooled greatly."

"I'm so glad that you've given up the drink," said the lecturer.

"Well, not quite," replied the man. "We bought a saloon."

GOOD IDEA

The little old lady donated a pair of pajamas to the Salvation Army.

"I made them myself," she said. They were very nicely sewn and conservative in color, but there was no opening at the front. When this was explained to the old lady she thought for a few minutes and said,

"Couldn't you give them to a bachelor?"

CHOP

Our friend the bestrak tells us that the best way to cut off a cat's tail is to repossess his Jaguar.

CLOUD 9 will pay contributors five dollars for each joke used on these pages. None can be returned, and the editor's decision is final. Address them to the Editor, CLOUD 9, 7111 Fulton Ave. North, Hollywood, California 91605.

THE DOUBLES

JOUST



This pictorial could very easily have been titled, "The Battle of The Buddies" considering the fact that the models, Fran Gibson and Normo Tucker are just about the best of friends. Not only are they friendly, but they are business partners who run a toy store together. Incidentally, that toy store was instrumental in giving us the theme for this pictorial spread. All that "armor" the girls are wearing is really plastic. It's part of knights' outfits that they have been successful in selling to their customers. Because it was "kookie", we decided to have the girls don "armor" and "joust."





Even though the whole thing was all in fun, we can't say that it was completely bloodless. Fran slipped during the "duel" and scratched her knee, but other than that the whole photo session was remarkably successful. Come to think of it, Norma got so caught up in the whole idea that she got her trumpet and started to blow military tunes. And—if the idea for the photographs came from the toy store, at least the girls were paid back; for, from this modeling job, they got another idea for the store. Fran's going to order some special horns.







What the girls want to do now is order some trumpets that are specially made to play three or four tunes all by themselves. They will be similar to the talking dolls on the market, but they will allow the child who buys them to sound like a military bugler without his knowing a single note of music. Certainly, if this is as good an idea as some of the rest of them that the girls have had, we'll be seeing their store expand again and again. Which proves beauty can be smart, too.



about everybody knew about Puppy Ray Wallace now.

Eyes half closed, he listened to ol' Bud Blossom carry on, but he thought about the woman, and kind of wished she hadn't started that screaming. It was pure waste to kill a woman like that; it'd take a spell for a man to tire of that high class stuff. She could turn a man every which way but loose, and all the time acting like she hadn't ragged him on by wearing those little busy shorts.

"... loyal wife," the prosecutor was saying, "... woman of principles and dedication ..."

Took a married woman without a husband to act like that, Puppy thought; took a lot of practice to carry on with a man that way. Never saw a woman with legs so slick and long; never got next to a woman so damned high-toned, and she'd been real good.

No need for her to lie; she'd liked a lot, but his lawyer said don't talk about that, when he came to see Puppy in the jailhouse. He hadn't stayed long in the jailhouse, just until some big people came with the bail money. Just imagine Puppy Wallace worth fifty thousand dollars.

If it wasn't for the telegrams, he wouldn't have a worry in the world. Course, he got lots of telegrams these days, mostly telling what a fine man he was for defending the right way of doing. But the one in his pocket was different, like the other three had been and he couldn't figure them out. Four telegrams, and when you added up, there was just seven words all told, when everybody knew you could use ten words on each and it didn't cost no more.

Some crank, Mister Ledbetter said; some nut that didn't know nothing, but was trying to make Puppy think he hadn't done his bounden duty when he pistol-whipped that beatnik woman.

He wasn't to tell nobody about her trying to run. All folks had to know was he caught this agitating woman back naked with Johnboy Folsom. When they asked him how come he didn't blow blue hell out of Johnboy, why of Johnboy run like a jack-rabbit before Puppy could get off a shot.

Saw the woman come at him with Johnboy's pushbutton knife in her hand, so he purely had to bust her with the barrel of the pistol. Yeah, Mister Prosecutor, he carried that pistol on account of the agitators. Man had that right, didn't he?

Imagine, people whispered in Annis County—uppity, strutting woman like her, and Johnboy Folsom. Well, she didn't deserve no better, wearing teenage sheets and walking like she didn't care who saw what. And naturally, Puppy didn't mean to flat out kill her; he was just protecting himself, and Annis County womanhood at the same time. Why, once somebody like Johnboy got a taste of a different kind of woman, nobody would be safe in their own beds.

Ol' Bud Blossom was hollering and Puppy blinked around. "Stand up," Blossom was yelling, "so everybody can see a man who beat a woman to death."

Puppy grunted to his feet and turned around so folks on the benches could get a real good look. They started clapping, and the judge hammered on his desk, and Bud Blossom looked like he was sick.

Before he sat down, Puppy bowed to them, and the judge gave up to let them soup and hoonow until they ran down and quit on their own. Mister Ledbetter leaned over to whisper don't overdo it, boy, and Puppy whispered back yeah.

Her name had been Francesca Vacento, nobody around here had a fancy, foreign name. But no girl around here shook it so good and hadn't she felt good mashed against his chest?

First off, Puppy thought Johnboy Folsom sent the telegram, maybe from the government jail where he was kept for a material witness. Like anybody would believe what Johnboy had to say.

But Johnboy hadn't sent the telegram, so Puppy asked Mister Ledbetter what about the woman's husband and his lawyer said never mind, boy, he's away off in Viet Nam.

That first message had been: WIFE, sent from San Francisco and not signed, so her husband couldn't of sent it. Hell; no need to fret over

a man who'd go off and leave a woman like that behind. Probably she'd come down here to find a real man for a change.

Puppy fidgeted in the chair, and found ol' Mister Ledbetter was at it now, thumbs in his vest, rared back like a traveling preacher ... "flower of our youth ... desecration ... any upright Annis County man ... shocking event like that ..."

Puppy hadn't even known Johnboy Folsom was in her car, hadn't seen him sneak out after he forced her car off the road back by the dry wash. She tried to face up to him and play like she hadn't been giving him the come-on.

Peel off them shorts and lay down, he told her; I waited long enough. She glanced once at the red bluff, but Puppy could have told her no help was there, only the ruins of the old Baker farm. Then she ran up the road and he had trouble catching her. Work in a garage gave a man strong hands, but it didn't do anything for his mind.

But he'da' run clear across hell after that woman, so he caught her and flung her into a gully. He wore off the shorts himself, and the top things, too, so she just lay there sweat-soaked and scared and naked just for him.

She was good, but when the old truck rattled by, she had to spell it by trying to run and tell on him, and that's when he hit her.

Now, who'da' thought ol' Johnboy was lying up on the bluff, watching all the time? He'd been too scared to come down, but not too spooked to run off to the state capitol and tell the law.

"... our traditions," Mister Ledbetter said, "... way of life ... honor ..."

A week after government men arrested Puppy, the second telegram came from San Francisco, too, and all it said was: STATESIDE. Now that didn't make a lick of sense, any way you looked at it. A nut, his lawyer said, somebody crazy.

"... a demented woman, dangerous to all we hold dear ... everything we have so long cherished ..."

Mister Ledbetter was at it hot and heavy, and the men in the jury box

were adding with him. Puppy damned near laughed out loud, it was so funny.

The third telegram arrived after the jury got poked in fourteen minutes flat, with nobody like John-boy Folsom on it, either. The yellow paper said: GUILTY.

Hell, no chance of that; not in Annis County. Even if Bud Blossom could see that now. He sat over there mopping his head and wondering why he got mixed up in this trial, because it sure looked like it would cost him his job, come election time.

Puppy hadn't meant to kill her dead. He'd been thinking of going back for more, but working in a garage gave a man strong hands, and he hit too hard with the shiny barrel of the Smith & Wesson.

"... only one possible verdict . . . the world to hear . . . we in Annis County . . . own kind of justice . . ."

Go ahead on, Mister Ledbetter, Puppy whispered, go ahead on, then stand good for drinks all around, after. It was going to be not guilty. Some agitator was trying to scare him, that's all, and Puppy didn't scare worth a damn. That was already proved.

When Mister Ledbetter came back to the table, he'd worked up a good head of steam. He used a pure silk handkerchief to wipe his face, and said, we got it whapped, boy. Nobody believes John-boy Folsom nor them government men, either.

Smiling, Puppy kind of stretched himself when his lawyer said no need to leave the room, that the jury wouldn't be gone that long. The last telegram crinkled in his pocket and Puppy thought about it. All it had to say was: OSWALD.

Hell, it was so nutty he hadn't even told Mister Ledbetter about it. Ozzie who? He didn't know any Ozzies. Put all the telegrams together like a code maybe, but they still didn't make sense. Puppy figured he'd forget them, and drank two bottles of cold pop while he waited on the jury. Then he practiced signing his name fancy, like he'd worked it out when folks started asking for his autograph.

The courtroom got real still when the foreman stood up, but it went off like the Fourth of July after he said Not Guilty. They whooped and

hoorawed and tore Puppy out on their shoulders, and damned if he didn't feel like some big football coach or rich movie star. Everybody hollered Puppy! Puppy! and he was the biggest somebody in the whole damned world.

They put him down on the courthouse steps and pounded his back and shook his hand. Pretty soon they wanted him to sign this, sign that, and he got out his pen from his suit pocket. He felt the telegram there.

My WIFE you killed, that first one could have meant, and STATE-SIDE, well—on television that's how soldiers and Marines talked when they meant home. GUILTY? Like you're guilty as hell, Puppy, and there's a penalty waiting, no matter what your twelve friends said.

But OSWALD now—that was purely a sticker. What did Oswald have to do—Puppy signed papers and smiled for the TV cameras, and looked past them, across fifty yards of courthouse lawns and over the

car-honking street. He looked away up the side of the Annis Hotel.

Soldiers and Marines came home from Viet Nam all the time, he thought; it wouldn't be too hard to have some of them send one-word telegrams when they landed in San Francisco; friends of a man might do that. And the man himself might be waiting somewhere all the time.

Puppy stared hard at a window on the fifth floor of the Annis Hotel, where something winked back at the sun, winked quick and bright, and all of a sudden Puppy knew about Oswald.

He shoulda' said RUBY, he thought and threw up his hands to hide behind them. He shoulda' said RUBY, and I woulda' known all the time. It's not fair, he thought; it wasn't fair at all.

He got turned around and was trying to run back in the courthouse when they hit him—one bullet in the back, the second behind his head. He lay there on the steps for a long time, and there was nobody around to pick up Puppy Ray Wallace, because they'd all run off somewhere.



"Rouse! You forgot our anniversary again!"

When it comes to trends and fads, about the hippest chick around is Betty Show. She was for surfing when it was hardly recognized and she was one of the first people to go out and buy a Beatles' record. She's the doll of her local go-go set and freely admits that she likes to keep informed on all the new things that are happening in the world. She's really with it!



BETTY AND
.....



THE GO-GO SET

.....





Naturally, Betty's not the richest girl in the world, but still, she likes to have the newest clothing and furniture that she can afford to buy.





When these pictures were taken, the big thing with Betty was stuffed animals—particularly snakes, but it's a sure bet that she has a new fad by now. And, who knows what she'll be interested in next month? She's not merely a girl of her time, she's a girl way ahead of her times.





FAN-FARE

PEEKABOO

The picture of Vicki Dougan in the last issue of CLOUD 9 (Vol. 2 No. 4) should have been given more emphasis. This backless dress is the most fascinating thing since topless swimsuits. All we need now is a bottomless, topless, backless fashion, and we've got it made. But, being women, they'll find something to hide.

E.N./Philadelphia, Pa.

SUPERB

The best pictorial in the last issue of CLOUD 9, was "Date With A Bachelorette." Alice Gilbert was superb and got my vote as the best in the book. Thanks.

S.M./Tampa, Fla.

WOMEN

The article "Women of the World" is great. It's a subject all men would be greatly interested in reading and learning more about.

B.T./New York, N.Y.

CHEERS

Hip hip hooray for the article on hips in the last issue of CLOUD 9. I don't say bottoms have had it. They haven't, but it's hip to be happy, and I've been an interested fan for a long time. Marilyn Monroe sure excited everyone with her wiggles, is there anyone to take her place? Quite a few stars have the right equipment, but fail to put it in gear. Pity.

C.L./Phoenix, Arizona

GOOD MODEL

Congratulations, Florence Allen did more for those decorative columns than any five interior decorators could do with the room. The pictorial "Furs, Fleah and Flo," was unique. The best pose was on the top of page 86. Flo is a natural model, everything seems so easy and relaxed, which is the secret of good modeling. I think there should have been more emphasis on the patterned hose. It's a new fashion and should have been explored a little more.

R.A./Kansville, Texas

UNLISTED

The photographs in the pictorial "Date With A Bachelorette," were good, but had they been a little more sharp, I could have found out Alice Gilbert's phone number. Sharpen up next time, and do us a favor.

F.K./Melrose, Mass.



VOLUNTEER

The "Double Doll Frolic" was great fun. Helen and Carol looked great playing about with the baseball bat, but will me, who keeps score, and searches the bushes for lost balls? If they need any other players, I'd be very glad to oblige. I'm crazy about baseball, especially the way they play. WOW! Let's go.

T.R./St. Paul, Minn.

WHY?

The picture on page 27 in the last issue of CLOUD 9 was the best of all, why wasn't it in color in the center of the magazine?

M.O./Fresno, California

WOW!

Debbie Cooper, the "Rhythm Gal A Go Go" in your latest issue is my idea of an exotic dancer. She has everything, and then some. What a pity you didn't include the list of nightclubs where she entertains. I hope she uses the name Debbie Cooper on the billboards, I'll watch out for her. Thanks for a fantastic pictorial.

H.H./Pittsburg, Penn.

*Any way you look
at it it's*

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BOOKWORM WITH A BEAT



In a day when most of us go home and turn on the TV, it's refreshing to meet a girl whose interests are a bit more serious. She's Alice Bowman and, as far as she is concerned, the television can remain off for the rest of her life. Alice loves to read and to practice on her extensive set of drums. She hopes that, one day, she may have the skill to become a top professional drummer and then, when she is not so rushed with practice, she'll have more time to read.





But Alice has other ways to relax besides reading or practicing on her drums. One of them is to "strip down when she gets home, dash into a nice hot shower and then lie down for a while to think of and do absolutely nothing." She claims that ten minutes of this revitalizes her for the day!



"And I've heard he has quite a champagne collection. Mind showing it to me?"

"It's just a damp, musty old cellar," she said. "But, if you really want to see it . . ."

She tied a silk scarf over her head and led him down some stone steps in the kitchen to a subterranean chamber filled with racks of dust-covered bottles. He peered around slowly in the dim glow of a single electric bulb.

"No secret dungeons or torture chambers left over from the Middle-Ages?" he asked jokingly.

Jeanette laughed, but Marc thought he detected a startled flicker in her eyes as she pressed herself against him. "My, you are in a strange mood tonight. But I'm chilly, and it's much nicer up in my room."

Marc agreed with her, but as they turned, her elbow knocked over a bottle of Burgandy on a shelf. The bottle broke, spilling wine on her dress. He gave her his handkerchief and she dabbed at the stain.

"Now I'll have to go and take this dress off," she complained.

"No, that's my job," Marc said, hurrying her upstairs.

In the sweet excitement of her surrender he managed to forget duty for a little while. But when he left her sleeping contentedly an hour later he couldn't resist having another look at the cellar. Behind an empty wine rack, he did find a large room. But there was nothing in it and it looked as though it hadn't been used for a long time. Angry with himself for doubting Pierre Laval's honesty, he left the house and drove back to town.

The telephone was ringing when he entered his apartment.

"Thank God I've finally reached you!" Soo-Len's voice exclaimed from the receiver. "I just heard from Felix. He is arriving at midnight, in the calanque called La Bouche. If you hurry, you should be able to catch him!"

"All right, but if you're giving me false information, you'll be sorry," Marc said grimly. "Wait in your

apartment until you hear from me again."

He made a quick call to headquarters, checked his gun, and hurried back out to his car.

By working fast, Marc got his men concealed behind sand dunes along the beach just before the yacht came cruising slowly down the calanque. With no lights showing, the vessel coasted to a halt and a launch was lowered. Marc watched tensely as the smaller craft moved shoreward with a muffled motor. When it beached three men jumped out and started unloading coals. Marc was positive he recognized one of them as Felix.

The launch made three trips. Marc was preparing to spring the trap when one of his men—a youngster named Laroq—leaped up impatiently and ran toward the launch before it had beached, shouting at the men to surrender. Their answer was a burst of submachine gun fire and Laroq went down groaning.

Marc and the other Customs men opened fire as the launch came sharply about. One of the smugglers tossed something toward the coast—something that made a bright fury arc in the darkness. Marc sprinted forward in a low crouch, reaching the three sticks of TNT just in time to tear out the sputtering fuse. The yacht was speeding toward the open sea and the launch followed at its wake, but at least he had saved the evidence.

For the next hour, Marc was kept busy inspecting the contraband and transporting it to Customs headquarters. As Soo-Len had said, it contained a very rich haul of opium and heroin. A call came in from the Coast Guard, saying that they picked up the yacht, but there was no sign of Felix and the launch. Suddenly Marc remembered Soo-Len and telephoned her apartment. There was no answer.

Speeding across town, he blamed himself for neglecting to provide for her safety. When he reached the building where she lived, he sprinted up the stairs and found the door of her apartment broken in. Furniture had been knocked over as though in a struggle and in the middle of the room he saw a familiar object—his



handkerchief with the pink Burgundy stripe.

The Laval Chateau was brightly lighted when Marc parked in the drive and walked cautiously to the front door, gun in hand. Just as he entered the house, a shot rang out. He hurried to the dining room, then stopped short. Old Pierre sat at the head of the table, slumped forward. An old Army revolver was gripped in his hand and the right side of his face was blown off.

"So you finally remembered your family honor after all," Marc said softly, going on to the kitchen.

A strong alcoholic odor greeted him at the cellar door. He crept forward and peered down the stairs, blinking in amazement at what he saw.

Soo-Len, gagged and bound to an overturned wine rack, lay helpless between Felix and Jeanette. Felix had stripped the dancer and was pouring brandy over her nude writhing body. A gun in his free hand kept the terrified Jeanette from interfering.

"How do you like your bath, my devoted little informer?" Felix snarled. "Now for the match and—poof! We make flaming crepes sacrees out of you. A fitting dish for Jeanette's Eric lover whom he rushes in to the rescue."

"Please, Felix, can't we just make a run for it?" Jeanette begged tearfully. "With all that money in the Swiss banks—"

"We haven't got a chance of reaching the border," Felix boomed in. "No, I know I'm finished, but at least I can have the satisfaction of taking this double-crossing slut and Marc D'Armond with me to hell!"

Marc carefully leveled his gun at Felix. "Give up, Felix, you haven't got a chance!"

Felix looked up quickly and pressed the muzzle of his automatic against Soo-Len's temple. "Go ahead and shoot! But I'll get her before I die."

"Oh, Marc, do something!" Jeanette cried. "He's gone mad!"

"Look, I'll make a deal with you," Marc said, thinking fast. "I'm here alone, and with my contacts in Customs, I can help you get out of the country. Release the girl and I'll do anything you say. I don't want to see Jeanette go to prison if I can help it."

Felix considered the proposition and grudgingly gave in. "All right. Drop your gun and come down here where I can see you."

Marc obeyed. "Now untie Soo-Len," he said, as Jeanette rushed into his arms sobbing hysterically. When the trembling Eurasian had gotten weakly to her feet, Marc told Jeanette to take her upstairs and find her some clothes.

"All right, let's get going," Felix insisted as the two women left the cellar.

Marc nodded. "Mind if I light a cigarette first? I'm still pretty shaky."

Felix granted his permission and Marc thumbed his pocket lighter. He reached into an inside pocket—and jerked out the three sticks of explosives that Felix had left on the bench, igniting the fresh fuse he had attached to them.

"We always return personal property, even to smugglers," Marc smiled, walking toward Felix with the explosives extended at arm's length.

"Are you crazy? Put that out!" Felix screamed, backing away.

"You said you didn't mind dying if you could take me with you," Marc said, still advancing. "Now you can do just that. If you have enough gun." He bucked the frightened smuggler against the wall and casually tossed the TNT from one hand to the other. "Or you can give me your gun and I'll pull out the fuse. But you'd better make up your mind within the next five seconds."

Felix licked his dry lips and hesitated just a moment longer, then thrust his gun into Marc's hand and whisperingly covered his face with his hands.

Marc watched the fuse sputter out harmlessly against the explosives, then tossed them aside.

"I took the detonator cap out before inserting the new fuse," Marc explained to his astonished prisoner. "Like you, it was just an empty threat. You should have known I wouldn't risk destroying all this good wine. It will be part of Jeanette's dowry, after the courts have taught her how to behave herself and be a good wife."

9



**SALLY
IN A
SNUGGLE
MOOD**





She's Sally Davis and her big ambition in life is to be a top magazine model.



Already Sally has had a few modeling jobs and expects to get many more of them.



Selly thinks that she will be a top model within another year because she believes that she has a unique touch of personality to offer the camera. She calls it her "snuggle" quality.






*We can't deny that she's got a point there.
Sally's certainly a top model in our book!*





A woman with dark hair is shown from the side, wearing a long, flowing dress with a yellow and brown floral pattern. She is holding up a large, rectangular piece of fabric that also features the same floral pattern. The fabric is held up in a way that it appears to be a separate layer or a large piece of the dress's fabric. The background is a light blue sky with a hint of a red curtain on the left. The overall tone is artistic and elegant.

At last! here it is,
the magazine you have been
waiting for. It's CLOUD 9,
a publication full to the
brim with exotic dolls, top
fiction and wide articles
all designed and selected
especially for the modern
man who knows what he is
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